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A FEW WEEKS FROM HOME.

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

JUNE, in London, is the most fashionably busy season of the year. Every body is in town. The Houses are sitting. All the places of public amusement are open. Epsom races—that admirable national engine for improving the breed of horses and deteriorating the race of men—come on in all their glory. And now generally occur those meetings of an important nature which attract strangers from all quarters of the united kingdom. This, then, is one of the most agreeable months in the year for visiting the metropolis, and it was on one of its finest evenings that, having arrived from the north at the railway station in Euston Square, we were whirled in a cab through the dusty streets to the domicile hospitably opened for our reception.

The following sketches of what fell under my observation during a short stay in town, may perhaps serve to amuse a leisure hour of that class of readers who, by circumstances, are shut out from personally visiting the scenes of my inquiry.

One evening, shortly after my arrival in London, I had the pleasure of meeting Professor Wheatstone at the house of a mutual friend, along with fifteen or twenty other gentlemen, all in some manner distinguished by their scientific or literary abilities. I cannot say that I remember having ever spent a few hours more agreeably. The company, besides being eminent in their respective lines of pursuit, were all, less or more, the friends of an advancing intelligence, or at least did not belong to the formidable order of retarders. I was particularly delighted with the opportunity of knowing Professor Wheatstone personally, and of conversing with him on a subject of experimental philosophy in which he is known to be engaged, and which, indeed, he may be said to have already made his own; I allude to that very surprising result of human ingenuity operating on a mysterious principle in nature—the *electric telegraph*. With much kindness, the professor invited me to attend a private exhibition of the apparatus and its operations on the ensuing Saturday, at King's College. As may be supposed, I readily accepted the offer; and if the reader pleases, he shall accompany me along the Strand to the lecture-room on the day in question.

The professor was present, with an assistant, while the apparatus required in the experiments lay before and around him on tables, or hung on the wall at his side. The electric telegraph, it is essential to explain, is a means of transmitting any piece of intelligence, through the medium of wires, to any assignable distance, by night or by day, and in a moment of time. The wires do not move, or are in any way drawn, neither do they emit any sound. They lie perfectly still and quiescent, and the transmission is effected simply by electric or galvanic influence, passing along invisibly from one extremity to the other. The transmission of an electric shock through a wire, or any other metallic body, is well understood, and there must be few who are not acquainted with the instantaneous manner in which it acts; the only thing peculiar, therefore, in the present matter, is causing the shock to affect a moveable object at the extremity of the wire, and so produce a certain telegraphic sign. The production of signs by galvanic shocks, may on this account be defined as the principle on which this new species of communication is made to act.

The discovery of this kind of telegraphic action is by no means new. From a passage in Arthur Young's *Travels in France*, published in 1787, it appears to have been at that period known, and to some extent prac-

tised by a M. Lomond. But like many other remarkably ingenious devices—gas-lighting and steam-boating, for example—it was long in being heard of popularly after science had established its capabilities. Even now, it is one of those practical improvements which, to a certain extent, remain under public suspicion. Twelve years ago, Dr Ritchie made some attempts to complete the plan of an electric telegraph; Sir Humphry Davy and others also engaged in a similar undertaking. In 1837, the model of an apparatus for communicating by galvanic action, was exhibited by Mr Alexander before the Society of Arts in Edinburgh; and this, as far as I know, was the first time the thing was brought in a tangible form before the public. Mr Alexander's telegraph was in the form of a chest, containing thirty copper wires, answering to the twenty-six letters of the alphabet, three points, and an asterisk to denote the termination of a word. At one end, in connexion with the wires, were keys like those of a piano-forte, and underneath these were a pair of plates, zinc and copper, forming a galvanic trough: at the other extremity of the wires were thirty steel magnets, and, any one of these being affected by the electric agency produced by touching the key, it was turned to the right or left, and unveiled a particular letter. On removing the finger from the key, the magnet sprung back, and the letter was screened from observation. Thus any letter could be instantaneously exposed, or words spelled letter by letter, according to the will of the operator. As galvanism requires a complete circuit for its operation—that is, a wire must not only go from but return to the trough where it receives its influence—it might be supposed that a duplication of the thirty wires would have been necessary, but by a happy arrangement of Mr Alexander, with one return wire to serve for all, this encumbering of the apparatus was avoided.

Since this time, considerable improvements have been effected on the mechanism of electric telegraphs, chiefly by Professor Wheatstone, one material object having been the reduction of the number of wires, which has been effected with a surprising degree of skill. The professor has spent several laborious years, and, as is understood, some thousands of pounds, in perfecting the apparatus. In the early stage of the discovery, he effected a patent for a particular mode of operating, but that, though possessing very remarkable powers, he has some time ago superseded by one much more simple, and which I can see no reason for not immediately coming into general use.

On the occasion of my visit, to which I must now return, the professor showed two varieties of the apparatus, one being the latest invention, and the most deeply interesting from its simplicity. It may be briefly described as consisting of two small galvanic troughs or batteries; four lengths of copper wire; an object resembling a brass clock, with a small opening or dial on the surface sufficient to show a single letter at a time; close by this case of mechanism stood an upright pivot of brass about three inches high, having a circular top inscribed with the letters of the alphabet all round, and from each letter a spike pointing outwards like the spokes from a capstan. The whole stood on a table, except the wires, which, being four miles in length, and warped in numerous convolutions through the vaults of the college, were observable only at their extremities in connexion with the apparatus.

I need not confuse the reader by attempting an explanation of the principle of the process, which has been already adverted to; it will suffice to state, that the electricity or galvanic property generated in the batteries, was made to proceed along the wires, and in

its passage to affect the mechanism in the case. In the construction of this mechanism, the great merit of the invention consists. It is a beautiful combination of brass wheels, and other details, the object of which is to produce a desired letter or figure at the exterior opening or dial. To bring any particular letter into view, the capstan is turned by the finger till the metal point projecting from a similar letter upon it, is made to touch a corresponding point near the side of the case. Thus, there is a sympathy, as I may call it, between the letters in the case and the letters on the capstan. A touch of the point opposite L, will bring L into view on the dial, and so on with any other letter. Nothing can be more perfect, or apparently simple. To appearance, the letters can be exposed at the rate of two in every moment of time. A lady, turning the capstan with her finger, brought into view the word London, in the time it could be uttered letter by letter, although the idea had to travel through four miles of wire.

In the transmission of the electric influence through the wires of this or any other apparatus, distance is of no consequence as respects time, for electricity is supposed, with some degree of probability, to travel with the velocity of light, or 192,000 miles in the space of a second. In point of fact, therefore, no longer time would be occupied in transmitting intelligence to the uttermost ends of the earth, than would be required for sending it across a room or a table. Distance is a matter for consideration only as regards expenditure of galvanic force. The electric agency has a tendency to weaken in its progress, according to circumstances, and this must necessarily be provided for by increasing the number of batteries to the desired amount and power. It has been supposed that the difficulty of perfectly isolating and preserving the wires from injury in their course, would be an insuperable bar to their establishment on an effective footing; but fears need be no longer entertained on this score. Each of the four wires in Professor Wheatstone's apparatus is wrapped round with a well-rosined thread, and the whole are then tied together with a cord possessing a similar coating, so as to present the appearance of a tightly-bound rope. This it is proposed to place in a small iron tube like that used for bringing gas into houses, and the tubes, united to any length, are laid below the ground, or in wooden case on the surface, to preserve them from injury. Yet another difficulty here presents itself. What if the rope, or any particular wire, should be fractured somewhere in its course? How would the precise point of injury be discoverable? This the professor has likewise provided for, as far as it possibly can be. He proposes that there shall be a signal-case at an interval of every few miles along the whole line, and therefore should any injury be sustained by the wires, it will be speedily discovered in what portion it has taken place, and a new and complete section of rope inserted in connexion with the other pieces. To avoid a very remote chance of delay in the transmission of intelligence from this cause, it would be easy to lay two sets of wires, one of which could be employed while the other was in course of being repaired.

It was impossible to observe the beautifully rapid and exact process of communication effected by the apparatus before me, without entertaining the conviction that I saw the rudimentary working of an engine, which ere long must force itself on the attention of the world, and come into universal use. Whether in the form to which it has been brought by Mr Wheatstone, or in some other modification of the principle, it is indisputable that it possesses the power of an effectual, and at all times ready, mea-

senger of intelligence. Its capabilities have indeed been fully tested in a practical manner on the line of the Great Western Railway, to a distance, I believe, of fifteen miles; the apparatus employed being somewhat different from that which I have already described. Last September, when the wires of this electric telegraph were carried as far as West Drayton, the following account was given of it in one of the London papers:—

"The space occupied by the case containing the machinery (which simply stands upon a table, and can be removed at pleasure to any part of the room) is little more than that required for a gentleman's hatbox. The telegraph is worked by merely pressing small brass keys (similar to those of a keyed bugle), which, acting by means of galvanic power upon various hands placed upon a dial-plate at the other end of the telegraphic line, as far as now opened, point not only to each letter of the alphabet (as each key may be struck or pressed), but the numerals are indicated by the same means, as well as the various points, from a comma to a colon, with notes of admiration and interjection. There is likewise a cross (+) upon the dial, which indicates that where this key is struck, a mistake has been committed in some part of the sentence telegraphed, and that an erasure is intended. To a question—such, for instance, as the following: 'How many passengers started from Drayton by the ten o'clock train?'—the answer could be transmitted from the terminus to Drayton and back in less than two minutes. This was proved on Saturday. This mode of communication is only completed as far as West Drayton station, which is about 13½ miles from Paddington. There are wires (as may be imagined) communicating with each end, thus far completed, passing through a hollow iron tube, not more than an inch and a half in diameter, which is fixed about six inches above the ground parallel with the railway, and about two or three feet distant from it. It is the intention of the Great Western Railway Company to carry the tube along the line as fast as the completion of the rails takes place, and ultimately throughout the whole distance to Bristol. The machinery, and the mode of working it, are so exceedingly simple, that a child who could read would, after an hour or two's instruction, be enabled efficiently to transmit and receive information."

It being thus ascertained, by practical working, that the electric telegraph can perform all that its designers have proposed, it only remains that it should be spread in different directions over the country, or at the least laid in communication from London along the great lines of thoroughfare. The railways already formed and in course of construction, offer peculiarly eligible channels for the lines of wires. It is not to be expected, however, that any telegraph of this description is to be constructed at the public expense. It will require to be the private undertaking of a joint-stock company, and its services given at a price which would more than repay the outlay. The expense of tube, wires, and apparatus for a distance of four hundred miles, as from London to Edinburgh—provided a railway line were employed—would probably amount to £25,000; and, once put in operation, the outlay is at an end, for the fresh supply of material for the batteries is almost too inconsiderable to be worthy of notice.

The method of working the apparatus will be readily understood. At each extremity of the line of rope—for it would work both ways—there would be an office for receiving and communicating intelligence, at a price conformable to the extent of the message. Being dispatched from one end, the communication would be instantaneously received at the other by an officiating clerk, and forthwith made known by a note to the party concerned. Thus, intelligence of the rise and fall of stocks, foreign news, orders for goods, or any other species of communication of an urgent nature, might, with the utmost facility, and at a trifling cost, be transmitted to any imaginable distance. To all merchants, capitalists, and, in particular, newspaper publishers, such a means of procuring intelligence would prove invaluable, and of course the benefit would be reflected on the public at large. The principle being placed beyond the reach of cavil, any attempt to put it in practice would depend exclusively on the question of expense and the necessity for its services. If it be reckoned of importance to possess speedy and correct intelligence on any given subject, here is the engine by which it can be attained. Do the people of Manchester, Liverpool, and other great seats of manufacture and commerce in the west

and north of England, wish to possess the news of London as speedily as the people of London themselves, here is a means of indulging their wish ready to their hands. They have only to organise a very small establishment of officials, and expend a few thousands of pounds, and the matter is effectually accomplished.

Here I leave this extraordinary invention to the speculations of the reader. What may be its influence in aiding the progress of social improvement, uniting different nations in one common brotherhood, and extending the boundaries of knowledge, involves an inquiry too vast and intricate for solution in these pages.

THE CITY OF THE CALIPHES.*

THE work to which is prefixed the title of the "City of the Caliphs," one captivating to the imagination from its association with youthful readings and recollections, is from the pen of the author of *Travels in Arabia*, published not long ago. The traveller, however, whose observations are chiefly recorded in the new volumes before us, was not Mr Wellsted, but his friend Lieutenant Ormsby of the Indian navy, who spent three years in various parts of the east. The former of these gentlemen had only the task of arranging and editing the materials given to him, verbally and otherwise, by his friend. The result is a work of much interest, from which we propose to select a few extracts, descriptive of the present condition of the old capital of Haroun Alraschid.

The city of Bagdat is situated on a low plain watered by the Tigris, at the distance of about four hundred miles from its influx into the Persian Gulf. The river divides the city into two portions, the larger being on the north-eastern bank. Founded in the eighth century, Bagdat became the capital of the Saracenic empire, and continued so for about five hundred years. It is now the metropolis of a pachalic or province of the Ottoman Porte, and the richest one, with the exception of Egypt, under its sway, being the most considerable place of trade in this portion of Asia, and the frontier of the Turkish empire against Persia. The pachalic includes the whole country from Busrah, or the Persian Gulf, on the south, to Morden on the north, and from Kurdistan and Persia on the east to Syria and Palestine on the west; but the Arabs, who constitute a large part of the population within these bounds, are nothing more than nominal subjects of the pacha of Bagdat. The city is walled and fortified, and is provided with lofty arched gates, some of them of great antiquity. Its appearance from a distance is thus described in the work before us:—"The sun rose, and Bagdat, although so many miles distant, was suspended as it were in mid-air before us; the rosy tints of morn illuminated its gilded domes, its minarets, and other gorgeous signs of eastern dominion and magnificence. It was indeed a scene delightful to the eye." Mosques, caravanserais, colleges, baths, and the palace of the governors, form the chief public buildings in the city. The mosques, like the other houses, are of brick, and, in the year 1830, were numbered at a hundred; but none of them are very magnificent. A square building, surmounted by a dome, with a tank of water in a court in front, for ablutions after prayer, constitutes the usual style of the mosques. All of them are surmounted, however, by graceful spires or minarets, on the tops of which are placed small galleries, whence the muezzin sends forth the Moslem call to prayer. "Attached to each of the mosques, and supported by voluntary contributions, there is a school, in which boys are instructed, free of expense, in reading, writing, and in a knowledge of divinity and the Koran—the only education a Moslem cares to impart to his offspring." This last sentence recalls to one's mind the principle upon which the immediate successors of Mahomet destroyed the splendid ancient library of Alexandria. "If it contained any thing in opposition to the Koran," said they, "it deserved to be burned; if its contents were all in concurrence with the Koran, they were a superfluity, and not worth preserving." By this fanatical decision, we need scarcely remark, the world sustained an incalculable and irremediable loss.

Neither the governor's palace, nor the caravanserais, are worthy of notice as specimens of architecture. "The bazaars," says our author, "form to me the most interesting feature in an eastern city. Narrow streets are either arched over with brick, or a roof of grass, dried leaves, and battered canvas is supported by transverse beams extending from roof to roof." The heats of day keep the people within doors, but "at night the blaze of a hundred lights, either of lamps or torches, exchanged all into life and gaiety. The shops on either side are small rooms, about eight feet square, the front of which is open, and the owner seats himself, usually with a fan in his hand, on the floor, which is raised about three feet above the level of the street. Unless the arrangement is of great importance, or very lengthened, it is concluded without the purchaser leaving the street; but should it prove otherwise, he seats himself alongside the merchant, pipes and coffee are called for, and the weighty matter discussed in all its bearings. Perhaps the tradesmen at Bagdat are surpassed in address by

none in the east, excepting possibly their neighbours the Persians; no one at a glance can better detect the 'weak points' of a customer." The different trades have separate bazaars. The most opulent in Bagdat is that of the clothier, where are to be found the costliest dresses of Surat muslin, shawls from Cashmere, sabres from Damascus, and carpets from Persia, all of magnificent appearance. Otto of roses, also, forms one of the most common articles of trade, being sold in the perfume bazaar, and often at five guineas an ounce.

As a whole, the city of Bagdat has an unpleasant appearance to the visitor residing in it, the streets being narrow, dirty, dark, and damp. But the uninviting aspect of the houses must not lead travellers to imagine that the inhabitants are poor or distressed. "It is with a despotic government a part of their system to avoid outward show. Within, the houses are unfurnished with much costliness. The walls are inlaid with mirrors, and fancifully decorated with mother-of-pearl." Carved wood-work, rich cushions of crimson velvet, beautiful carpets, and furs, are common additions to these internal ornaments. The inhabitants of Bagdat are all ostensibly industrious, either as tradesmen, merchants, or government officials. Such a thing as an idle "gentleman" is unknown. Yet the people are indolent enough in disposition. The most trifling amusements please them; coffee, pipes, drafts, chess, and the sight of professional dancing, are their favourite recreations in private. Though abstemious in company, in their solitary moments they indulge in wine, and they are also fond of opium, and of the seed of a species of hemp which has an inebriating effect. Robes of purple or scarlet silk, turbans of fine white muslin, and loose drawers, with socks of bright yellow leather, form the dress of the higher orders; while the poor wear merely a sort of shirt, confined by a girdle. This light dress is no disadvantage at times, for the desert winds frequently raise the thermometer to 124 degrees, and the people think it absolute bliss to get into underground chambers, where the thermometer is only at 90 degrees!

This description applies in a great measure to the Bagdat of 1840, as well as to the city in 1830, the year of Lieutenant Ormsby's first visit. But in other respects the city is greatly, lamentably changed. In 1830, Bagdat contained about 120,000 inhabitants.* Of these, two-thirds were composed of a mixed and fixed race of Persians, Turks, and Arabs. About 7000 of the remainder were Jews, and the rest Christians, chiefly of the Armenian persuasion. Toleration so far existed, and yet exists here, that both Jews and Christians frequently rise to seats in the divan, and to the highest offices of the state. The divan is a deliberative council, composed of selected inhabitants, who meet every Friday to consult on affairs of moment. The Pacha, however, who has been for centuries a member of the important body of the Manelukes, has the real power in his hands. The trade of Bagdat consists chiefly in importations of sugar, muslin, coarse and fine cloths, and other articles from India, &c., which are brought up the Tigris in track-boats, and are extensively sold to the more inland people. The principal articles in return from Busrah (once called Balsora) are galls, copper, raw silks, and salt from the desert.

Having now given our readers, with the help of the work before us, a part-view of the modern state of things in the city of the Caliphs, we turn to a point which will probably prove more interesting to the reader, and which will explain the observation made respecting the lamentable change which has befallen Bagdat, and made it in some respects very different from what it was ten years ago. When Lieutenant Ormsby was at Bagdat, in April 1831, the plague visited the city. Before it arrived, the people were in a state of strange apathy. They heard of the terrible disease stalking from village to village in the vicinity, in the direction of their abode, yet they seemed eager to stifle the horrid conviction of danger. "But this could not last long; a feeling of alarm suddenly arose, and appeared as unaccountable and extraordinary as their former apathetic indifference. They now stared as awakening from a fearful dream. They must fly:—but whither? To the desert! The Bedouin was lurking at every avenue, to rob and spoil those who, with their valuables, attempted to quit the city. By the river? Every boat was crowded, and the disease followed them in their flight." The British residents and Armenian Christians shut themselves up in their houses, barred the doors and windows, and hoisted up by ropes any necessaries which had from time to time to be added to their stores. The majority of the Moslem population, with the apathy of fatalism, resigned themselves indolently to their fate. Very soon the ravages made by the plague in the city were dreadful in extent. "All distinctions of society, friends, or relations, had ceased; the finger of God seemed pointed to this devoted place. A thousand died a-day; the seats of justice were unoccupied; the wailing for the dead, which at first had incessantly filled the air, was now hushed to a silence and a calm more frightful; the dead lay unburied in every avenue. Then arose a number of ruffians, who, with a courage growing out of their fearful position, formed themselves into bands, under leaders more demoniac than them-

* Travels to the City of the Caliphs, &c. By J. R. Wellsted, Esq. London: Henry Colburn. 1830. Two vols.

In one place, the work before us states the population of 1830 at 120,000, and in another at 150,000. We believe the first computation to approach nearest to the truth.

selves, and swept the streets. On one occasion I passed a group, who had collected in a low apartment, and were whetting and lashing themselves into a state which should fit them for further outrages; a wretched hag, her form almost bent double, was supplying them with a fiery spirit, and lumps of half-grilled meat; a few of their number, overpowered by the former, were lying senseless on the floor; others, cursing and howling like half-famished wolves, were, with utter disregard to the safety of their companions, brandishing about their daggers and sabres, or firing their matchlocks against the roof of the apartment. But amidst the clamour, the din, and the confusion of this pandemonium, the greater number sat silent at the board, their eyes gleaming with a maniac's wildness and ferocity, quaffing the spirits in almost incredible quantities, yet waiting their effect in producing a fit state of excitement for them again to sally forth." An Aga related the following instance of these men's conduct. The Aga was ill, and tended by his beautiful and beloved wife, when the ruffians burst into his chamber. "I read their purpose," said he, "in their looks; but I was stricken, and could not lift a finger to save her for whose life I would gladly have forfeited my own. A savage ruffian approached her; entreaties for life were unavailing; yet for an instant her extreme beauty arrested his arm—but it was only for an instant; his dagger again gleamed on high, and she sank a bleeding victim beside me. Cold, and apparently inanimate as I was, I felt her warm blood flowing past me, as with her life it ebbed rapidly away. My eyes must have been fixed with the vacant look of death: I even felt unmoved—as he bent down beside me, and with spider-like fingers stripped the jewels from my hand—the touch of that villain who had deprived me of all that which in life I valued. The figures of his companions, as they came to rifle the apartment, appeared to dilate before me, and their eyes to glare upon me, as they pointed, with fiend-like gestures and horrid laughter, to the bleeding innocent beside me. At length, a happy insensibility stole over me." The Aga was afterwards nursed and restored by the exertions of a faithful slave.

The effects of despair upon wrecked or endangered mariners have been frequently noticed. The case was much the same at this time in Bagdat. "Some took to drinking; others to praying; many, to make the most of their time, launched into every excess." Yet amid this general extinction of moral feeling, the best features of man's character were here and there displayed in force. An Italian, hearing that a friend was seized with the plague, and lying at the gate of the city, went for him, carried him home on his back, and tended him till he was well. Other similar traits of conduct occurred—noble ones, if we consider all the circumstances.

The city was in this dreadful condition, when a new calamity befell it, and one, too, of the most awful nature. "On the night of the 20th of April, the river, which had rapidly filled its bed (through rains), in one dreadful rush burst its banks, and overwhelmed the greater part of the city. Fifteen thousand people were summarily hurried to eternity! There were many who had survived those best beloved, and awaited their fate in silence, making scarcely an effort to escape. It was not till after the first burst of water had subsided, that the greater number of the houses fell, the foundations not being loosened till several hours afterwards. I was sleeping at the top of the house when the flood burst in upon us, and was awoken by the roar of the waters rushing past the hall. I remained perfectly quiet, convinced that no human exertions could avail me. No outcry accompanied the convulsions; I heard no shriek nor wail; but as I seated myself on the upper part of the wall, I could perceive several bodies, their white dresses gleaming amidst the turbid waters, silently sweeping by. Towards the morning, the flood became less rapid and deep; and at sunrise, finding that it was not a greater stream than I could wade through, I let myself down by a rope into the street. Hardly had my feet touched the ground, when, with a mighty crash, down came the house!"

This narrow escape made an impression on the mind of the writer greater than even the plague had done. He resolved to quit Bagdat, and soon after accomplished his purpose. In the following year he revisited it, and found the plague not yet extinct. In addition to this calamity, the pools of water left by the flood grew stagnant, and gave rise to a destructive fever. But this was not all. The army of the sultan, with whom the regnant pacha was at variance, invested the city as soon as the plague ceased, took it, and gave it up to plunder. In the course of two years, by these events, the population decreased to 20,000, five times that number having either perished or left the city, two-thirds of which were now in ruins. Our author found it an awful spectacle. "I strolled forth amidst the now desolate city to seek such of my friends as pestilence and the flood had spared. Alas! how small the number to receive my greeting!—whole streets were depopulated by the one calamity, and overthrown by the other." Since the date referred to, Bagdat has partly recovered its population and commerce; but a century will not entirely remove all traces of the mishaps which it suffered.

Though occupying a prominent place in the title-page of the volumes before us, the city of the caliphs forms the subject of but a small part of their contents. The shores of the Persian Gulf and Mediterranean,

Arabia, and the isle of Socotra, were traversed and examined partly by Mr Wellsted, and partly by Lieutenant Ormsby, and we have much interesting matter regarding them here. The reader will find his attention and trouble amply rewarded, should he take up these volumes for perusal.

STORY OF URBAIN GRANDIER.*

The recent papers upon witchcraft and superstitions in general, which have appeared in these pages, have presented some strong and melancholy cases of human delusion and consequent human suffering; but no single one of these cases can compare in interest with that now about to be laid before the reader, and which relates to a similar subject. Urbain Grandier was born at Rovière, near the town of Sable, in the first years of the seventeenth century. He was the son of a respectable notary-royal, and, being intended for a clerical life, was sent to prosecute his studies at Bourdeaux. While there, he distinguished himself highly, and the fraternity of the Jesuits, under whom he studied, were so well pleased with his progress and capacity that they appointed him, while still very young, to the living of St Pierre, at Loudun in Poitou, which was in their gift. He was appointed, soon afterwards, a prebend in the Church of St Croix, in the town of Loudun. This double appointment, conferred on a youth and a stranger, excited much envy; and this circumstance, conjoined with others, led to deplorable consequences.

Urbain Grandier was a man of remarkable beauty, both as regarded countenance and figure. An air of distinction sat upon his whole person and appearance. In conversation, he united great facility of speech with elegance of language, and preached with much force and impressiveness, his orations being characterised, it is said, by no ordinary degree of eloquence and genius. His success and estimation among the people of Loudun added to the hatred which many of his clerical brethren had conceived towards him, and, unfortunately, Grandier was not of a conciliatory disposition, nor exempt from such errors of conduct as gave his enemies an advantage over him. He was haughty in manners, and gave his tongue free scope in exposing from the pulpit even the religious abuses around him. He was attached to female society, and, although so many of the charges brought against him were proved to be false that we may reasonably doubt the whole, he was incautious, at least, in his deportment in this respect, and gave too ready a handle to calumny. He had certainly one intimate female friend, a young and beautiful woman named Madeleine de Brou, to whom he seems to have paid addresses, as a manuscript treatise against the celibacy of the clergy was found in his repositories, written apparently to satisfy doubts of hers. There is no good ground, however, for assuming that their connexion was actually an improper one.

Such was the man—young, high-spirited, captivating in appearance and address, talented, and accomplished—against whom charges of the most extraordinary nature were brought in the year 1633. Previous to that time, several minor charges had been preferred against Grandier by his enemies, out of which, as well by his innocence as by his decision and boldness, he had come triumphant. The party chiefly offended by this result was a priest named Mignon, canon of St Croix, and director or chaplain of an Ursuline convent at Loudun. Under the auspices of this man, the new scheme against Grandier was originated and developed. Slowly and gradually a rumour spread through Loudun that something extraordinary was going on in the convent of the Ursulines. Stories of phantoms and visions were the first things heard, and by and bye it was whispered that some of the nuns had exhibited symptoms of magical influence or demoniacal possession. At length, confirmation was given to these reports, by the open announcement that Mignon, the chaplain, was about to exorcise the demons that possessed several of the nuns. Mignon called in to his aid the curate of a neighbouring parish, and the people of Loudun beheld this ecclesiastic enter the town in procession, at the head of his whole parishioners, to assist in performing the great feat at the convent. There, also, assembled the chief magistrate of Loudun and other functionaries. Mignon received them, and informed them that the superior of the con-

vent herself, Jeanne de Belfiel, a woman of great beauty and high rank, and a lay-sister, named Claire Magnoux, were the parties possessed, and who were to be exorcised. He also told them that the name of the superior's demon was Ashtaroth, and sister Claire's, Zabulon. When the visitors were introduced to the possessed pair, the latter seemed to be in convulsions, and made the most extraordinary grimaces. Mignon commenced to interrogate the evil spirit of the superior. He did so in Latin, in order to convince the spectators that it was a demon who spoke by the lips of the nun, she herself being ignorant of Latin. "Quis misit?" (Who sent you here?) said Mignon. "Urbanus Grandier" (Urbain Grandier) was the reply. "Dic qualiterat" (Tell his quality), said Mignon. "Sacerdos" (a priest) was the answer. Two or three other questions were asked of a similar kind, and fixing the guilt of magical arts upon Grandier. One of the spectators wished to ask another Latin question, but the demon would answer to nobody but Mignon, and, to avoid the dilemma of any farther interrogation, the superior, after replying to the chaplain's list of questions, chose to give up her convulsions, and assume a quiet demeanour. It was remarkable that the imp possessing the lay-sister was not a Latin scholar, and, on being asked any questions, referred the interrogator to his friend who possessed the superior.

These exorcisms were repeated at various times before other spectators. It was then discovered that the demon of the superior, who took the lead always, was, after all, a very bad Latin scholar, and confounded moods and tenses in a very remarkable way. He put Jesus Christus for Iesum Christum, and Jesu Christe for Jesus Christus, with various other mistakes of the same kind. Moreover, the demon's general command over the languages seemed very limited. When any sceptical persons present desired a Latin version of any word or phrase apart from the interrogatories of Mignon, the demon was dumb, and it was also found that he knew no Greek. One day, while the exorcisms were going on, a cat ran across the apartment. "A magician! an evil spirit!" was immediately the cry, and the animal was seized. Mignon exorcised it with great gravity, and tried it with Latin; but, strange to say, the cat said not a word in reply.

These things went on for some time, until Grandier, becoming alarmed at the consequent reports sent abroad relative to himself, applied to the archbishop of Bourdeaux for an inquiry into the affair. The prelate appointed two persons to conduct the inquiry, giving them instructions to test the learning of the demons, as well as their other powers. But the demons did not wait for such an examination. They fled whenever they heard that such a thing was to take place, and Mignon, with all his assistants in conducting the previous farces, became suddenly quiet, and said no more about the matter.

Urbain Grandier would now probably have escaped all further danger, had not M. Laubardemont, a creature of Cardinal Richelieu, arrived in Loudun to demolish the castle, in accordance with a law passed on the subject. It happened that a satire had been written on the cardinal some time previously, and Grandier's enemies, while they renewed the spectacle of the possessions in private before Laubardemont, took care also to impress him with the idea that Grandier was the author of the satire on the cardinal-minister. The consequence was, that, on Laubardemont going to Paris with this report, the irritated and revengeful Richelieu instantly sent him back with a commission to inquire into the guilt of Grandier, as regarded the charge of enchantment. Under the fostering care of the commissioner, the possessions at the Ursuline convent revived with increased vigour. In all, five nuns, and at least ten laical females, were found to be afflicted with the spirit of grimaces and convulsions. The superior still played the principal speaking part, and, from her admissions, it was made out that not less than seven distinct demons had taken up a lodgement in her single person. The men who managed this whole affair, having now the desire to maintain their own credit added to their hatred of Grandier, resorted to the most villainous tricks to confirm the idea of the possessions. For example, they made the devils of the superior promise to work miracles. On one occasion, the superior was to stand in the air at a height of two feet from the ground. She did take up something like this attitude, by some contrivance or another; but a curious spectator, turning aside her long robe, found her standing very firmly on the ground on one foot. On another occasion, the demon promised to lift the hat of M. Laubardemont in church, and hold it suspended for a time in the air. A second curious spectator examined too closely into this matter, for he found a thread and a hook hanging above Laubardemont's head, ready to perform the trick in a natural way. In truth, Mignon, and his chief assistant Father Lactance, went so far as to make frequent arrangements with the demons, entered into compacts with them, and carried on a correspondence of the most intimate kind.

Meanwhile, the excitement caused at Loudun was tremendous. The people daily assembled in crowds at the churches and elsewhere to witness the convulsions and grimaces, which formed the easiest and most common of the demoniacal displays.

* We take the details of this story from the *Causes Célebres*, but think it proper at the same time to follow other historians on some points, a strong prejudice being shown in that work against the unfortunate hero of the transactions recorded.

To the general mass, all this was matter partly of amusement and partly of terror. To Grandier, who was thrown into confinement by Laubardemont, the affair was one of life and death. His persecutors actually brought him out before the public, with strange inconsistency, to exercise personally the demons, in the name of God. His conduct on this occasion extorted admiration from all. His comparative youth, his remarkable beauty, his calm dignity, and the air of conscious innocence which never left him, made him indeed like an angel (to use the words of the Causes Celebres) in the midst of real demons. One ecclesiastic alone dared openly to take his part at these scenes. This was the Abbé Quillet, who, hearing one of the demons threaten to hang up any person who ventured to doubt the possessions, defied the pretended spirit to his teeth, and dared him to do his worst. The demon did nothing to the bold abbe in consequence, but M. Laubardemont gave him a hint which rendered it prudent in him to try the air of Italy for his health immediately afterwards.

The strongest evidence of the fraudulent nature of all these pretended possessions was given by the recantation of Sister Claire, and two others of the performers in this strange farce. The poor girls confessed that they had accused an innocent man, being instructed to do so by Mignon, Father Lactance, and others. They represented themselves as compelled by remorse to declare the truth. This recantation did no good to Grandier, being styled a device of the enemy. Even when Jean de Belfiel, the main agent in the whole deception, followed the example of the other three, it was ascribed to the same cause. The miserable superior, who, it is thought, had been led by Mignon to believe that her convert would acquire lasting renown by this affair, was so vividly struck with remorse, that, after confessing her imposture to M. Laubardemont, she endeavoured to hang herself on a tree, but was prevented. These confessions did not benefit the victim, we repeat : M. Laubardemont, who had Grandier's fate in his hands, was determined upon his death. Accordingly, the accused person was tried by a commission nominated by Laubardemont, and was condemned, on the 18th of August 1634, to undergo the torture in the first place, for the discovery of his accomplices, and then to be *burned alive!*

M. Laubardemont engaged, or rather compelled, an eminent surgeon named Fourneau, to be present at the torture. But on the order being given to pull out the eyebrows and wrench off the nails of the victim, merely as a preliminary process, Fourneau protested that he "would not be the agent in exercising such cruelty at the bidding of any living man ;" and further said to Grandier, that it was with regret that he laid hands upon him at all. Grandier, who had expressed himself resigned to all, said to the surgeon, " You alone have pity on me." " No," replied Fourneau, " it is you who do not know the thoughts of others." The torture, which consisted in forcing wedge after wedge between the legs and a wooden case, was applied with almost unparalleled cruelty. The marrow ultimately spouted from the crushed bones. Yet the victim preserved an unvarying firmness, though he several times fainted away. He confessed nothing. He said he had been an erring man, but ever a believer in his Saviour and in his God, and guiltless of all laid to his charge.

When conveyed to the stake, Grandier had been promised two things. The first was, that he should be allowed to speak a word to the people; the second, that, in mercy to him, they would strangle him with the cord which he carried about his neck on the way to execution, as soon as the fire was kindled. On the passage to the fatal pile, the priests walked in procession, exorcising by the way the air, the wood, and every thing around. When they asked him if he would confess, he said he had confessed all already; and when they asked if they would pray for him, he answered mildly and sweetly, " Yes, yes, pray for me, I entreat you." But it was no part of the plan of the priests to allow him to move the multitude by his dying eloquence. When he reached the stake, and was about to speak, they threw holy water upon his face in such quantities as suppressed his words, and, with the same view, one of them embraced and kissed him. Grandier saw their purpose, and merely said, with a gentle smile, " The kiss of Judas!" The words were heard, and one of the priests, under pretence of making him kiss it, struck him several times on the mouth with a heavy iron crucifix. Breaking promise respecting the strangling, Father Lactance, the most inveterate of his enemies, lighted the pile with his own hands, saying, " Will thou renounce the devil, wretch? Thou hast not an instant to live!" " Is this charity, Father Lactance?" said Grandier, calmly. " There is a God who will judge between me and thee. Before him I summon thee to appear in one month!" After this remarkable speech, he only uttered the words, " God have mercy, have mercy upon me!" More merciful than the priests, the multitude thundered out an unanimous demand that the victim should be strangled, and the affrighted executioner would have done so, but the flames had by this risen into force, and he was unable to effect his purpose. Thus the unhappy Grandier was burned alive.

We have been unable to give more than an outline of this famous case, which has a deep interest as one of the last instances in which the imputation of magic brought a human being to the stake. The gross in-

justice exemplified therein had a beneficial effect ultimately, in causing a disbelief in all similar charges; and thus it is, that, in the arrangement of human affairs, even the sufferings and errors of mortality are turned to good by the wise Disposer of all things.

BOUTS RIMÉS.

THERE are some things in this world which severely sensible people are apt to think very silly, but which are nevertheless useful things enough, seeing that they enable many people to pass, in a very agreeable way, and quite harmlessly to others, time which would otherwise hang heavily on their hands. *Bouts rimés* take their place amongst those things. They are of French origin and invention, as befits their light and playful character. A Parisian poet of the seventeenth century, named Dulot, one day made the strange complaint in company, that he had had three hundred sonnets stolen from him. The amount of this lot of poetical property astonished every body. " Oh," said he, " they were only blank sonnets, or rhymes (*bouts rimés*) of all the sonnets I may have occasion to write." He had, it appeared, employed himself in drawing up columns of rhyming words in the form of sonnets, with the design of filling in the lines and the ideas when he could get leisure, or when the Muse might so far favour him. The idea was too whimsical not to produce an impression, and we are told that, in consequence of Dulot's statement, all the wits in Paris immediately set about making up sonnets, on the principle of fixing the rhymes first. A quarto volume of *bouts rimés* was published in 1648, the first work of the kind we are aware of, but not the last. The art, or sport, as it may be called, afterwards found its way to other countries, and to our own amongst the rest. Horace Walpole was not guiltless of the frivolity, for, on having prescribed to him the rhymes,

brook,
why,
crook,
I,

he instantly produced the following verse, to which he gave the title of

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

I sits with my toes in a brook,
And, if any one asks me for why,
I hits 'em a rap with my crook,
And 'tis sentiment kills me," says I.

It is of course obvious that a party of friendly people, spending a winter evening together, may, amongst other amusements, resort to that of scribbling *bouts rimés*. All may not be alike quick or ingenious in filling up the prescribed rhymes; but the wits of all will be exercised, and, while some of the resulting verses will surprise and amuse by their felicity, others will perhaps occasion a still heartier burst of laughter by their very lameness and emptiness. Those nearest a match will be eager to excel each other in bringing the verse quickly out, as well as in bringing out a good verse; and those who despair of making up verses of their own, may take an interest in the proceedings of the reader wits, and find a disinterested pleasure in backing one clever fellow, or one smart young lady, against another. Much jocularity must evidently attend such an intellectual competition as this, and perhaps some little sharpening of mind may also be the consequence. At the least, the party will find that they have spent two or three hours innocently and happily, and do not like each other the worse for the drollery they have been indulging in together.

It is well, in such a case, if clever verses are produced; but this is not absolutely essential. In such private exercises of the poetical talent, people do not look for the expression, correctness, and effect, which they expect in compositions submitted to them in print. They will find themselves ready to say, " pretty fair," " very well," " ha, ha, ha, excessively good indeed," to things which, if put coolly and typographically before them, they would be inclined to toss aside as not worthy of moment's regard. To convince our readers of this, we shall adduce a short series of verses which were lately produced in the course of one evening by a merry little party, who had fallen upon the game by chance, as a means of whiling away the time between tea and bread and cheese, and most of whom had never before heard of *bouts rimés*. The merit of the verses will, we expect, be considered as moderate; but that is exactly what is required to convince them of the merit of the game as a means of giving amusement, for we can assure our readers that the production of these verses kept the party laughing for the most part of an evening.

The rhymes given out on this occasion were all of them alternate rhymes for a verse of four lines. The first set was composed of the words, grant, ask, shan't, task; and of the verses consequently produced, the following were the best :—

If from good nature you begin to grant
Whatever favours folks may choose to ask,
'Twill grow more difficult to say " I shan't,"
And courtesy you'll find a heavy task!
Sweet one, I pant for what you can grant—
What is it, dost thou grant?
'Tis a kiss that I want, so don't say " I shan't,"
When ascent is an easier task.

The next rhymes given were *were, lie, brare, die*; and of the verses written thereupon, we give three specimens :—

Dark are the secrets of the gulping wave.
Where wrapp'd in death, so many heroes lie;
Yet glorious death's the guardian of the brave,
And they who bravely live can bravely die.
Whenever I sail on the wave,
O'ercome with seasickness I lie;
I can sing of " the Sea," and look brave—
When I feel it, I feel like to die!

High o'er the ship came on thewhelming wave,
One crash! and on her beam I saw her lie!
Shriek'd loud the craven, silent stood the brave,
But Hope from all had fled—"twas only left to die!
Prove, why, love, calamity, gave birth to the following stanzas :—

Of Baxter I cannot approve,
And the reason is obvious why,
For the church he'd nor favour nor love,
So him I'd with Calamy-tie!
In life we mingled joys and sorrows prove,
Confused, and none can give a reason why;
Hate quickly treads upon the heels of love,
And morning bliss quells night's calamity.

Others produced were as follow :—

What is life? star,
What is death? light;
Continued strife? far,
The want of breath!

Last night we view'd a lovely star,
All admiring its joyous light;
Yet to my thoughts were clearer far,
The lustrous eyes of Laura bright.

Next came the following apologetic strain from the fair Laura herself :—

I am not quick as thought,
Indeed I'm dull as night;
In fact I'm fit for naught,
But just to follow light!

One or two more, and we have done with the compositions of our evening party.

Few things appear more sad;
Than to see an old man weep;
And few make the mind more glad;
Than a crying child asleep!
The purity and joy of heavenly love.
For earth's dull regions is too bright a thing,
Yet may the hope of future joys above
To denizens of earth some pleasure bring!

About thirty years ago, or rather less, it so happened that a set of poetical wits resided in or about the town of Anstruther in Fife, all of whom became very much knit up in the bonds of good fellowship together, contrary to all precedent in their proverbially irritable and mutually repulsive fraternity. Finding much pleasure in versifying, and showing their verses to each other, they at length agreed to embody themselves into a society, and become subject to the regulations of solemn and periodic meeting. " The brethren were accordingly," to quote their own words in one of their publications, " constituted into an *union of rhymesters*: their code of laws was framed and sanctioned: diplomas, conveying a licence to rhyme and scribble in all shapes and manners, were worded in language fully as important and sounding as those of Universities for Doctors in Divinity. Long strings of rhymes were no sooner issued by the Presiding Bard, to be supplied with thought, than those dry bones and clattering skeletons of Poetry stood to our astonishment before us in all the fatness and bloom of completion. In short, the associated rhymesters swore eternal friendship and good humour over the altar of that heathenish god whose fire is their brain's inheritance, and uttering a joint ejaculation for his powerful assistance, they bowed the knee before their inspiring idol." The Muso-maniac Society, as it was fitly enough called, met and rhymed, and rhymed and met, if not to the production of much good poetry, at least to their own immense gratification, and it has been whispered that even learned persons from Edinburgh would occasionally appear in the Fifian burgh, having performed a journey by sea and land of thirty miles, for no other purpose than to participate in the gaieties of this merry corps. At length, unable any longer to keep so much drollery to themselves, they ventured to present to the world a thin volume, entitled " *Bouts Rimes, or the Poetical Pastimes of a few Hobblers round the base of Parnassus*,"* being dedicated " to the Lovers of Rhyme, Fun, and Good Fellowship throughout the British Empire." This volume has long ceased to be seen on the counters, or even the shelves, of all ordinary booksellers; but, by the favour of a friendly Muso-maniac, we lately became possessed of a copy, which will enable us to make the merry doings of the corps a little better known than heretofore.

We find, in this volume, no fewer than fifteen distinct and independent exercises on the rhymes, *sublime, time, day, bay, dawn, lawn, moon, noon, entire, fire, lake, shake, wing, bring, few, adieu*; and all of these, we have reason from their respective signatures to believe, were the production of different rhymers. It is extremely curious to observe the diverse character of the various sets of verses, some being solemn, some sentimental, and some comic, notwithstanding their all being bound to end with the same words. It is also curious to note how the various versifiers contrive to get over, by various expedients, the open awkward word in the set of rhymes, namely, the word *entire*—as also to see the same word made to tell impressively

* Edinburgh, printed for A. Mackay, High Street; W. Cockburn, Anstruther, &c. 1815.

in one production, and drolly in another. Out of the fifteen, we shall select four, as different from each other as possible :—

THE POET.

With eye of fire, and haughty brow
The poet fears thee not, destructive
He toils unmindful of the passing
To gain at last the never-fading
He courts the beauties of the golden
He dwells delighted on the dewy
But, chief at night, when the resplendent
Climbs the blue heaven to gain her silent
Entrance he stands—wild fancy reigns
And his high numbers burn with more
than mortal
Heedful he views the calm unruffled
Careless he feels the earth with thunders
He soars aloft on fancy's eagle
From her high halls her airy forms to
Or, snugly seated with a chosen
Bids the vain world and all its pomp

THE LAST DAY.

How dread, methinks, how awfully
When the last trump shall stop the march of
What shall avail, on that tremendous
The hero's laurel or the poet's
Methinks I see the rosy-finger'd
Sized her last ray o'er every hill and
Never to rise hath sunk the fulgent
The sun may rise, but never reach his
From earth, from heaven, with ripen'd force
Bursts the wild sweep of all-devouring
From heaven's high arch to the infernal
Shall all creation to her centre
Its fearful flight the trembling soul shall
And to its God each vice and virtue
Oh ! may there then on earth be found but
Not well prepared to bid the world

MORNING,

Written on Arthur's Seat.

On Arthur's lofty top
Seamed by the iron hand of
I sit, and view the coming
Smiling from Portobello
On Abercorn the ruddy
Tinges each tower, and tree, and
On high the wanling pale-faced
Is lost ere she attains her
But see, with radiant orb
Beaming, appears the gal of
Over Duddingstone's enchanting
While scarce a leaf the breeze doth
The wild duck skirrs on rattling
Condolence to its mate to
Few are thy charms, Edina ! oh, how
With scenes like these content, I'd bid thee long adieu !

JOHNNIE DOWIE'S.*

Though far from low, yet not
Here we pass our joyous
Excluded from the light of
Here sit the children of the
What care we for the orient
What care we for the dewy
What care we for the pale-faced
What care we for the sun at
Here sparkling burns John Dowie's
There blazing burns John Dowie's
What care we for the breezy
What care we though the mountain
Fancy, be gone on eagle
Come, Meg, another bottle
Come, bring us bottles not a
A dozen yet we'll drink ere we bid John

Dowie

Upon another set of rhymes we have seven sets of exercises ; but of these we shall select only one, being that which appears to us the most easily and happily concocted in the whole book :—

THE GOLDEN AGE.

Aid me, oh muse, to laud in
The golden and primeval
Oid Saturn's happy
When Virtue over every
Danced with young Pleasure in her
And chased, with joyful shoutings,
And Sorrow far
Then free and happy, sinless
Exulting o'er earth's valleys
Whilst in the starry
His meditative eye
The finger of his God to
As, musing on the Almighty's
He fed devotion's
It seem'd as if his sacred
Of thoughts, pure issues of the
To Virtue's lyre did
It seem'd as if, in lieu of
The skies dropp'd honey on each
Whilst grateful Earth sent up
Hymns holy and

The Anstruther Muso-maniacs had their prepared and their extemporaneous effusions. The above are of the former character. The extemporaneous class consisted of shorter and more careless pieces, generally a single verse in alternate rhymes. A few of these are not bad, considering the manner of their production—such as :—

What is this life ? a smoke,
In this gay world, a foolish
A joyless field of barren
And what is man ?—a
My heated brain begins to
With joy I dance the airy
My hair lies flat (once stiff as
While round I fly—a

The Brahmin of the East, who
Wash in the Ganges
Thinks he doth soul and body
From future pains

sublime,
Time !
day,
bay ;
dawn,
lawn,
moon
noon,
entire,

fire !
lake ;
shake ;
wing,
bring ;
few,
adieu !

sublime,
time !
day,
bay !
dawn
lawn ;
moon
noon ;
entire,
fire !
lake,
shake,
wing,
bring ;
few !
adieu !

sublime,
time,
day,
bay.
dawn ?
lawn ?
moon ?
noon ?
entire;
fire ;
lake ?
shake
wing,
bring ;
few !
adieu !

sublime;
time;
day;
buy;
dawn ?
lawn ?
moon ?
noon ?
entire;
fire ;
lake ?
shake
wing,
bring ;
few ;
adieu

rhyme,
time,
day,
clime,
prime,
Crime
away.
man
ran ;
frame,
began
scan,
plan,
flame.
train
brain,
clime,
rain,
plain,
again
sublime.

bubble ;
jig ;
stubble,
whirligig !
bubble,
jig,
stubble,
whirligig !

doth
river,
both
deliver.

Oh, wretched is the man that
Fall in a rocky
For why ? he's drown'd and murder'd
No aid can him

Mark Tully was a clever
His fame is spread through all the
He would have stunn'd the very
And knock'd him down with his
Will Pitt, he was a clever
He understood the laws of
His eloquence would pose the
Tally ne'er uttered sic

In mathematick lore, dear
We own thou like a king dost
But, haply, on Apollo's
Thou hammerest poetry with

One would suppose a silly
A shabby weapon in a
And yet the pen of critic
A very hero's soul would

doth
river;
both—
deliver.

child ;
nations ;
deil ;
orations.

George,
reign ;
forge
pain.

pen
scuffle ;
men
ruffle.

And so here end the humours of the Muso-maniac Society of Anstruther.

CASES FROM HUTTON'S COURT OF REQUESTS.

WILLIAM HUTTON, author of the History of Birmingham, and whose autobiography affords one of the most pleasing instances of an individual rising by industry and proper moral conduct to a high sphere in life, in the latter part of his honourable career filled the office of judge in the Court of Requests in Birmingham, and left behind him a memoir of the more remarkable cases which came before him for decision in that capacity. This rather singular production having, in the course of half a century, fallen completely out of notice, has been selected for our series of cheap reprints,* from a conviction of its utility as a means of disciplining the popular mind both in notions of justice and in right reasoning and logic.

As a specimen of the amusing nature of the contents, we here offer the following cases :—

THE RAFFLERS.

The desire for gaming is predominant in every rank among us. There is an unaccountable pleasure in changing a certainty for a chance. If a man has a few old household goods that lie heavy upon his hands, the refuse of a broken mercer's shop, or a horse fit for the dogs, he publishes a raffle. The propensity to gaming, joined to his own little interest with his friends, will probably help off his tickets. The idea of having a horse for shilling, whose very hide is worth eighteenpence, is a powerful motive to venture. The strong desire to win gives rise to unfair practices, and these to everlasting disputes. The disputants in higher life appeal to the sword ; in lower to the Court of Requests ; and, for want of that, to the fist.

Rossiter sued Wheeler for L1, 18s. 11d. Wheeler replied, that Rossiter held a watch of his, value three pounds. It appeared that Rossiter owned a watch, which he put up to be raffled for, and had solicited Wheeler to take a ticket. They had agreed and fixed upon the number. That ticket happened to win the watch. Rossiter declared, that as Wheeler had neither paid for the ticket nor received it, he should have nothing to do with the prize, but as the ticket was in his possession, he would be the winner himself.

Court (*to Rositer*).—As a bargain cannot be made without two persons, it cannot be broken without two. Wheeler has hitherto broken no part of his bargain, consequently you can break no part of yours. Had you agreed for ready money, he would have failed on his part, and the watch would have been yours. You fairly sold him the ticket, though the time of payment was not mentioned. The agreement was firm, though he had neither paid for the ticket nor possessed it ; and had it been drawn a blank, he would have been responsible to you for the purchase-money, which you might have recovered in this court. We cannot make an order for your L1, 18s. 11d., except you deliver the watch.

R.—Wheeler's credit is too bad to allow me to change a certainty for an uncertainty. Your orders cannot oblige a man to pay money who has none. The credit of a gambler is base currency.

C.—Has any artist valued the watch ?

R.—Yes, and rated it at nine shillings.

W.—I will not take thirty for it.

C. (*to Rositer*).—Was it fair in you to puff forth your watch at three pounds, which, by your own confession, was valued at nine shillings ? We shall make an order in your favour for one pound and eleven pence ; you shall deduct eighteen shillings for the watch, and promise to keep it one year from this day, during which you shall return it to Wheeler if he ever tenders you the eighteen shillings. Both were satisfied.

THE RECKONING.

Marshall, a journeyman, was brought before the court, by the keeper of a public-house, for a debt of fifteen shillings ; he acknowledged three shillings and ninepence, which he was willing to pay. It appeared that four people, of whom he was one, had spent an evening, and the above sum, at a public-house, had not paid their reckoning, and the landlord sued Marshall for the whole.

Marshall urged, “as he had not drunk the whole, he had no right to pay for the whole ; he was but a

fourth of the number, had drunk but a fourth of the drink, and ought to pay but a fourth of the money. No man had a right to pay for more than he received. The landlord ought to look to each man for his share, and not seek the whole from one ; and that there could be no justice in obliging one man to pay for another.”

Court (*to Marshall*).—When a company drink at a public-house, they can be considered by the landlord but as one person ; they have joined themselves together, and he has no right to put them asunder. He cannot say to one, as he enters, “ You may drink,” and to another, “ You shall not,” nor ask any one whether he has money to pay his reckoning. One may treat another, for what he knows, or he may treat the whole. It is a partnership for that night ; and what right has the landlord to inquire who finds the capital ? They are equally accountable to him for the whole debt. It is not enough that one pays his part, he must take care that the whole is paid ; that is his concern, not the landlord's. When the partnership dissolves, whether it be at mid-day or midnight, every partner is responsible for the debts contracted in the partnership. He who sits silent in company has the same right to pay for the tankard as he who called for it ; he who watches at the gate is just as culpable as he who robs the house. If one of them break a glass, it is nothing to the landlord who broke it ; he can charge it to the company, as well as its contents, and they must settle the matter with the individual. If this were not the case, a landlord would soon have his cellar emptied, and nothing left to fill it. One man with money might bring a dozen without, who being strangers, the landlord is deprived of his property and his remedy ; and as no evil can be brought upon a man without its attendant cure—for they follow each other like the substance and the shadow—we must charge the debt upon you. He can take any of the company, and he whom he takes may demand their shares from the rest. It is to your honour that he singles you out ; he thinks you the Pam of the pack.

THE SHOEMAKER AND OLD SOLDIER.

Shad, a shoemaker, sued P, an old soldier, September 1, 1783, for L1, 4s. P acknowledged that the debt might have been contracted, but pleaded the statute of limitations, which annihilates a debt after a lapse of six years, provided that debt is not kept alive by a continued account between the parties, or by an acknowledgment or a promise from the debtor. Shad declared he had had a running account, had recently sold him goods, and received payment. The court continued the cause, and desired him to produce his books the next court-day.

It appeared the debt sued for was contracted in 1778, after which P went into the army, and was absent five years. At his return, he frequently bought shoes of Shad, had not much credit, and had since paid.

The question to be considered by the commissioners was, whether the new connexion preserved the old debt ? It was argued in favour of the delinquent, that the old demand stood by itself, stands the same still, and is cured by time ; that whatever P bought, he paid for. That as P, out of gratitude, had become a customer again, it would be ungenerous to trap him for conferring those favours upon Shad which he might have conferred upon another.

It was urged in reply, that P laid himself open to a suit, by appearing in the verge of the court within six years ; that his becoming a customer might excite Shad's patience, who might otherwise have made a more early attack ; that the commissioners did not conceive they had any right to destroy a debt ; that a new debt will piece to an old one, as well at the end of five years as five days ; and as the two debts did not seem divided, either by time, law, or reason, they must be considered as one.

The bench having got over this stumbling-block, fell upon a greater. It was pleaded, in favour of P, that in the five years above mentioned he had been condemned in a court of justice for house-breaking ; that his father, by his prudent behaviour, as sergeant in the militia, had obtained the good graces of Lord B., his colonel, by whose interest he had procured a pardon for the son, who had since settled, become a master, lived in credit, and stood a fair chance of acquiring a fortune. That the moment sentence of death is passed upon a man, he is dead in law ; the judge can order instant execution. He can make no will, he can bequeath no effects, he can inherit no property, nor transact any business with the living. No action can lie against him ; all his own debts are cut off, no creditor can claim upon him, consequently this demand ceases ; and this is the practice of all our courts.

But it was remarked, if the law killed, the crown could make alive ; that a pardon reinstated a man where the law found him. If the crown gives life, it gives all its appendages ; every thing belonging to the man revives with him, consequently his debts. If he can claim, as P had done, why not pay ? The crown is defective, if it cannot do what the law has undone. And to suppose life restored without action, is to suppose an impossibility.

These reasons operated with the bench ; but still there was an obstacle they could not surmount—the practice of all the courts, which they were assured by professional men existed. The commissioners were set fast. They found themselves completely hemmed

* An old-fashioned tavern, situated in a dark alley in Edinburgh, and in which only one room had a window, all the rest being illuminated during the day by candles. It was once a favourite haunt of the poet Burns. For some years, a roadway has gone over the site of this ancient temple of conviviality.

in between law and equity, and, like Sterne's starling, "they could not get out." If they attempted one side, they would fly in the face of the law; if the other, they would break the bounds of equity: all the quirks of Westminster-Hall could not relieve them. That the debt was due to Shad did not admit a doubt, but how to give it him did.

As the whole legislative power is in the hands of the king, lords, and commons, and as every act of theirs is supposed the act of every man in the kingdom, it becomes requisite to pay a deference to the laws, though they may not exactly hit our sentiments. He pays his country an ill compliment who sets up his private judgment against theirs: besides, the precedent is dangerous; for if a man can trample upon one law, why not on another? which would immediately put a period to government. If a man will not submit to the laws, because those laws are defective, there is an end of submission, for no perfect system can exist, the weakness of our nature will not allow it. Again, if the commissioners acted against law, they acted against an authority equal to that under which they sat; for the same powers which favoured the culprit, constituted them a bench. Two evils offered, one of which they were obliged to commit; they therefore chose what they conceived to be the least, that of dismissing the cause. If they had acted against law, they could not have made reparation; but by giving it a simple dismissal, they left Shad at liberty to pursue his antagonist in another court, or even in this, if any further light could be thrown on the subject.

The suitors were both hurt; one, because he could not recover his property; and the other, because the noisome snuff, which had been extinguished by a pardon, was publicly lighted up in court.

THE JEW AND THE CHRISTIAN.

A Christian summoned one of the children of Israel, and desired the court, with a significant smile, to take notice that his antagonist was a Jew. The court, in return, desired him to take notice that the declaration did not operate against the Jew, but against himself; that the bench were confined to the actions brought before them, and left the religion to the man.

The Christian was a jeweller. One of the parties had agreed that he should buy a watch of the Jew, value three guineas, and pay him in stone kneebuckles. When the Christian supposed that the Jew had sold the buckles, he sued him for £1, 19s. 1d. as an overcharge for the watch, which he said had been valued at one guinea. No evidence appeared. The watch was produced, it seemed modern, but the bench were not judges of its value. On the other side, an evidence for the Jew declared he had seen the buckles; that the workmanship was exceedingly bad; that they fell to pieces without wearing; and that he could sell better at fifty per cent. under the price.

Court.—Perhaps the case before us is that of a Jew and a Christian, who, not having the fear of any religion before their eyes, strive which shall overreach the other. Trick is the most disreputable part of commerce; each side promises to charge the money price, but neither performs it. No man will barter away his goods if he can dispose of them for money; but defective articles rarely find a better market. He cheats, expecting to be cheated. Had the Jew or the Christian received the other's property, and refused to deliver his own, we should have enforced payment. But as each saw, received, and approved the purchase, each fulfilled his bargain, consequently nothing can lie against one more than the other; we shall dismiss the cause, and leave the parties to cultivate their talents for cozening.

THE COAT AND MANY OWNERS.

Pemberton was a stranger, of a moderate capacity, about fifty; had married a girl of twenty, who appeared handsome, modest, and agreeable, but not much wiser than her husband. She had never seen the world, and he was never able to see it. This loving couple, with one child, in 1786, came to seek their fortunes in Birmingham, and took up their abode in Moor Street, in a den of thieves. The husband was easily enticed to get drunk, and treat the whole crew, which expense, with three shillings borrowed by Hill, broke him. Hill then persuaded him out of his coat, which he gave to A, and he pawned it to B. C fetched it out of pawn, and sold it to D for two shillings and twopence. D having mended it, sold it to E for four shillings; and perhaps this hackneyed coat, in a fortnight more, would have travelled through the whole alphabet. Pemberton sued Hill for thirteen shillings and sixpence—half a guinea for the coat, and three shillings borrowed.

Money is the grand standard to which all property is brought to find its value; this is the only certainty we know; and except property of every kind has been tried by this standard, it cannot be pronounced a debt, nor recovered in this court. If Pemberton has a right to charge his coat at half a guinea, why not at half a score? If the bounds of value are not exactly prescribed, those bounds, like space, become infinite. Had Pemberton been defrauded of his coat while new, it would have borne a certain price, but becoming second-hand, that certainty ceases; the bench cannot treat it as a debt.

All the parties appeared; some of them, I knew, had practised the arts of deception for thirty years. They spoke loudly in favour of themselves, as people usually do whose actions will not speak for them.

They alleged against Pemberton that he was a foreigner and a papist.

Court.—As he who wilfully sets the house in a flame is the first to cry out fire, so he who *injures* is the first to censure the injured. Pemberton being a stranger, should have taught you another conduct. A stranger is entitled to our civility and protection, but you consider him an object of plunder. You also accuse him of being a Roman Catholic: this proves nothing against his religion, but much against your own, for it proves that a Protestant is both able and willing to rob a Papist.

We direct that E shall relinquish his four-shilling bargain to D, and that D shall return the coat to Pemberton, paying him three shillings—two shillings and twopence for the purchase, and twopence for mending, which being paid on Hill's account, brings the coat to the standard of value, and adds three shillings to his debt; we shall therefore make an order against him for six, and recommend a lesson he will never learn—to show kindness to strangers, and justice to all.

A SUBALTERN'S REMINISCENCES OF A TRANSPORT.

To the best of my recollection, Beresford, in his "Miseries of Human Life," never makes the slightest allusion to a transport. This is passing strange: it would have yielded him a fruitful topic. If to be amongst three or four hundred people, soldiers and sailors, and wives and children of the former, whom the fates have ordained to be stowed away in a little ship for a long voyage, be not one of the miseries of human life, I know not what is. The best illustration I can give of a transport is a hen-coop well crammed with fowl; and, generally, the conduct and behaviour of her crew, or rather her passengers, are much the same as those of the fowl in a hen-coop—by no means the most gentle, peaceable, or forbearing. So as they can in any way accommodate themselves, no matter how much they discommode their neighbours. Certainly the well-filled transport at sea is the place in which to see human nature divested of those many little disguises, which in general make it pass off so plausibly.

Here comes a draft of the —th from Chatham—a vile place, in my opinion almost as bad as a transport. A hot march it is to Gravesend: what an appropriate name this place has!—the last ground, perhaps, your foot touches until you tread on a foreign soil, which is likely to be your final resting-place! There rides, on the bosom of Father Thames, the vile vessel, No. —, that in a few short hours is to transport those fine young fellows from their native shore. The boats are at the pier—they embark—they ascend the ship's side—the anchors are weighed—the sails unfurled—and the loud and hearty cheer proclaims she is urging her winged flight! A cheer under such circumstances, strikes more mournfully on the ear of a reflecting man than the tolling of a funeral bell. How many of these voices will be stilled ere the passage is over! How many a manly corse, with sullen plunge, will cleave the parting waters! Many that will survive the voyage, will sleep beneath the shadow of the feathery palm! How few, alas! how few, will return to the scenes of their youth, and raise the loud cheer, as the shores of their native land break dimly on their view, over the breast of the waters!

But few such thoughts, I ween, trouble the thoughtless throng. They are dépôt men, all heart and spirits, going to join their service companies. What do they know of care, or disease, or the sigh of the exile, on a foreign shore, for the land of the dreams of his boyhood!

The transport is destined, in the first place, for Cork, to take in detachments for other corps, and to lay in the sea stock. We will not dwell long on the equally weather that is frequently met with in the channel—we will pass over tacking, and reefing, and lying to—and, without any more preamble, bring the ship to anchor off Spike Island, near the Cove of Cork.

All bustle again, embarking divers detachments. Facings of black and blue, buff and white, mingled together—stowing of knapsacks, haversacks, hold-alls, well supplied with pipeclay, soap, and tobacco—slinging of hammocks—Scotch, English, and Irish, knocking up against each other—officers making choice of cabins, or berths, as the case may be—second lieutenants disputing with ensigns about priority of rank. This reminds me of a ludicrous affair of two ensigns going out in the same ship, when the senior said to the junior, "If you do your duty, you will find me a very easy commanding officer." But here permit me, for the information of the uninitiated in the arcana of military life, to state that the seniority of date in commission is a matter of no trivial importance aboard a transport, as the junior seldom fails of getting the worst berth.

Now comes a very useful part of the community—a

set of bristly, noisy Irish pigs, kicking up a dreadful row, and looking as if they by no means relished the idea of expatriation. How that big hog roars! Hoo, hoo! the world we live in—the ungrateful world! Poor brute, perhaps you have helped to pay the rist, or the tithe, and the reward of all thy merits is to be cut up to appease the appetite of strangers. How he struggles, and kicks, and roars! There is certainly nothing lamb-like about him. Another haul—he swings bravely over the gangway—lower away now—that will do—he is safe in the long boat! quite enough to terrify the few timid sheep, that are huddled together in the farther end of it, with his hideous screaming and grunting; but still there is an honest indignation in the whole of his conduct. If the brute could speak, he might exclaim with Scipio (and with the greatest possible assurance that his prediction would be fulfilled), "Ingrata patria, non possidibus mea osa!" What comes next? Gobbling turkeys; some of them regular patriarchs, and no mistake. No joke to pick one of these drumsticks! And geese and cackling ducks, firkins of Irish butter, and potatoes raised by the "finest pisantry" on earth.

The pilot is aboard, looking "mighty 'eute" as paddy would say. Stand round the capstan, lads; hurra! the anchor's up. Away she goes with her studding-sails set, like a lonely bird, over the ocean. The breeze is freshening. In with the studding-sails—reef the topsails—and now for some of the delights of sailing. Hear ye those horrible sounds of pain and wo, which break from one side of the deck? Hallo! it is by no means a solitary case. Half a dozen now are with their heads over the gunnel, looking wistfully at the gurgling waters, at the same time masking sounds by no means expressive of inward satisfaction. More are rising out of the hold, the hinder pressing upon the leaders. They are staggering about the decks. And the chill foam scatters its spray over them, baptising their clammy foreheads; and the drizzling rain has commenced, and the moaning wind is rising a key higher, and the waves sound surrier, and the word is passed, loud and decided, "All hands below but the watch." So the languid wretches descend again into the dark and noisome gulf, groping, sick and tottering, to their hammocks.

The night drearily passes over. With the morning the weather is clearing; but the sun shines ghastly and faintly. Nevertheless, up with the hammocks for airing—orderlies of companies attend for the rations—hark! the drum beats all hands to the grog tub—rum diluted with water, to be drunk at the tub, in presence of the orderly officer. Who is for the day? Ensign Muggins. Poor fellow! here he comes, looking very rueful. The smell of the rum is not likely to revive him; he has got hold of one of the ratlings; depend upon it, he will "screw" his courage to the sticking place.

"Well, Muggins, old boy, how are you getting on?" sung out Hopkins, the captain of the day, as his head peered up from the companion-ladder, on a level with the deck—his face, the colour of saffron, assuring the beholders that his stomach was no stranger to curry and rice—in short, that he was an old stager, well backed by a tropical sun, and knowing in all the ways of voyagers.

"Very seedy, Hopkins, very seedy, indeed," replied Muggins; "who could ever have imagined that all this misery was attached to the army! It was running after castle guard-mounting in Dublin, and field days, that turned my brain—only I was a fool, I should not be here—my stomach feels as if it were turned inside out."

"Ha! ha! ha! my lad, too late—too late to be grumbling—why did you list? Why did you list, Master Muggins?" chuckled Captain Hopkins; at the same time, striking a light, he commenced smoking a cigar, as much as to say, "I bid defiance to sea sickness."

"I would give fifty pounds I was well enough to smoke," sighed out Muggins.

"All in good time," said Hopkins; "you cannot expect to be a sailor in a few hours; but, Muggins, my boy, sick as you are, let me give you a little good advice. There are married officers aboard, and some of them have got daughters; take care of yourself, my boy, for, ten to one, when your sea-sickness goes off, you will get love sick. I have not crossed the line for nothing. An old bird is not caught with chaff. Observe, they will get up dancing when the nights are fair, and round games when they are wet, and get excessively intimate with each other; and before the voyage is over, the half of them will be by the ears, or my name is not Hopkins. But just take a cigar, and blow a cloud; be civil to them, and nothing more. On no account put your heels in a passion with that old paymaster's daughter; you may depend upon it, sir, they have no tin—not a piece. They may know how to draw, but not on the bank. I see they have brought a piano aboard; but I am happy there is no room to put it up. But dancing they will have, if they have nothing but the fifes. But here comes the orderly sergeant. Well, Sergeant Pikestaff, what's the matter?"

"I have brought up Lance-corporal Rooney, sir, for fighting with private Tim Doolan of the —th, thinking it highly unbecoming conduct, and subversive of military discipline in an acting corporal."

* "Ungrateful country of mine, thou shalt not possess my bones!"

"Your honour," says Tim Doolan, "Lance-corporal Rooney fetched me a dig under my right lug, from the effects of which I am nearly deprived of my hearing; and, further, he knocked my cap clean off my head overboard—sorra the sight of it I ever saw after—and tould me I was an Orangeman, though it's quite the reverse I am; and thin he offered to box me on the forecastle, your honour."

"Well, Corporal Rooney, what have you now to say?" asked Captain Hopkins.

"Why, sir, he aggravated me, and threw reflections and dispraisings upon our regiment. Says he, 'You, and the rest of your corps, are a set of spalpeens. When ye marched into Mullingar, it was ye that clanged out our mess tins, as if ye had ate nothing for an entire week of Sundays, and never gave us in return as much as a dram, or blast of a pipe, or a mouthful of tobacco. And as for yourself (maning me, sir), you think yourself a very fine fellow, since you got that stripe upon your arm. You are getting as proud as one of Paddy Wall's pigs, and in two hours I wouldn't matter much pulling your dirty nose.' I couldn't stand him at all, at all, sir; I tould him he'd better keep his jaw to himself, that I was as good a mother's child as he was any day, and that it was a dirty mane thing of him to be casting up about the bit and sup that his regiment gave ours when we came off the march. It was only just what the likes of any regiment would do to another in similar circumstances. Upon this, your honour, he spat in my face, and thin I gave him a dig, to show him how to observe politeness and manners for the futer; told him though I had a stripe, that would not be the rason of privinting me giving him satisfaction; and that, if he pleased, I would take a round out of him on the forecastle; and there's the story for your honour. His cap did go overboard; but I am willing to pay for it, if you will only look over the business this time, and I will promise you I will give Tim Doolan a wide berth for the futer."

"On the promise you have made, I will pass the thing over this time; sergeant, the prisoner is forgiven. Now, Muggins," resumed Hopkins, "you see how these fellows are beginning already. Wait a little, and the bickerings will break forth in the cuddy; but here comes the paymaster's wife and her darlings. Why, they look as if they were all in the measles; but I must say something to them. How do you do, Mrs Moneypenny! and you, Miss Eliza? and you, Miss Jane?"

"Oh, laws! Captain Hopkins, oh, laws!" exclaimed Mrs Moneypenny; "what is to become of me and my poor dear lambs—we are nearly devoured by vermin. You might sweep the bugs together, and take them up in handfuls. Oh! my dear Captain Hopkins, what is to become of us!"—and Mrs Moneypenny and daughters burst individually and collectively into tears. "Why, it is distressing, no doubt," replied old Hopkins, at the same time trying to repress a sardonic grin; "but I assure you, Mrs Moneypenny, it is only a trifle in comparison to what you will suffer on your landing, from the mosquitoes." After delivering this delightful piece of information, he glided to his cabin, chuckling at the idea of having sold old Mother Moneypenny a real bargain.

"There is one comfort," soliloquised young Muggins, aside; "there are others uncomfortable aboard this ship besides myself; at all events, if the Misses Moneypenny do not improve in their looks before the passage is over, there is no fear of my falling in love with them. But the bell rings, and there goes the black steward. Better, again, there goes the dinner. I will try what a little soup will do for me." And in stalks Ensign Muggins into the cuddy.

The cuddy was a long narrow cabin, not across the ship, as the general arrangement is, but running lengthways, or, nautically to express it, fore to aft; about nineteen feet long and ten broad, with small cabins for officers on each side. In this miserable hole about twenty-five persons were crammed daily, to eat pea-soup, salt pork, junk, and, as long as the fresh provisions lasted, a portion of the same. A life of this kind, day after day, is very monotonous. Sometimes a distant sail may appear on the horizon. An attempt is made to speak her in vain; she is on the other tack. A shark perhaps has been caught, and a crowd gathers on the deck to gaze at the dying monster. One day a calm—then a storm; a lull—and then a sudden squall; but to make the passage quick, after a certain time Madeira is made, and the Cape de Verds are passed; by this time the passengers are fulfilling Hopkins' predictions fast—going it tooth and nail. Eight weeks are passed. By observation, we are in the latitude of the Cape of Good Hope. The poor skipper is nearly driven mad by the continual dictation and interference of the passengers; one set begging him to put into the Cape; others, thinking it will only finally keep them at sea longer, are averse to his doing so: he quarrelling with his mates, and his mates with him; even the black steward, seeing how affairs are going on, has mustered courage, and given him impertinence. This is too much for the enraged skipper; he seizes the astonished nigger by the poll, and bundles him out of the cuddy.

Lieutenant Jenkins of the —th, has received a challenge from paymaster Moneypenny, some particularly good-natured person having informed the paymaster that Lieutenant Jenkins made some highly improper remarks on Miss Moneypenny the preceding evening, while she was walking on the quarterdeck with Cornet Twaddle of the —th. Mrs Moneypenny,

furious, and adjuring her better half to have no mercy upon that odious young puppy Jenkins.

Mrs Flannigan has been in hysterics since morning, on account of some person or persons unknown having thrown her pet lapdog Fidele overboard. Breve Major Flannigan, the senior and commanding officer aboard, outrageous at the act, swearing if he only knew who it was, he would bring the offender forthwith to a court-martial, and have him tried for disgraceful conduct. Old Hopkins is generally suspected for the vile deed. The lapdog invariably showed a marked antipathy to him, cocking its tail, showing its teeth, and snarling at him, whenever he made his appearance on the poop. And the skipper is in an awful humour again, having detected some of the officers' ladies sweeping the almonds and raisins by wholesale into their laps, for their squalling young brats. Great interest making to get the black steward reinstated in his office, from which he had been lately ejected. Rough weather again—in with the dead lights! The Cape is passed—weeks roll on—fresh provisions nearly finished. The old cook that crew every morning had his neck twisted this afternoon; there he swings, suspended by the legs, from the railing. The hen-coops look most melancholy. They are tenanted—not even a quacking chick left, and the Isle of Ceylon is not yet reached. The old hog—the only survivor of the live-stock—is to be sacrificed to-morrow; the beer is out, and the water ebbing very low; two sentries on the water casks. This looks blue. Passengers by this time something like caged tigers. "Land ahead"—joyful sound! "There's Adam's Peak," shouted out old Hopkins, as the mist cleared off, and the crags of the noble mountain glittered in the morning sun, and the tops of cocoanut trees, that gird the shore, looked green and fresh to eyes that had rested for months on the tossing billows. And now the canoes are approaching, with their outriggers, like ploughshares—and the flag-staff is signallising—and the naked and graceful-figured Cingales stand on the deck to sell their plantains and coco-nuts—and the moor-men sailors, with their shaven heads, are rowing lustily, the oars keeping time with some wild chant. The staff officer has come on board with directions:—"The men to disembark in the evening."

They have disembarked; what a dark ridge of cloud canopies the distant jungle! Hark to the distant growl of the pent-up thunder! What a lightning flash! Peal upon peal re-echoes through the startled hills. The shaken clouds discharge their fountains of waters—the roads are converted into rivers. "Right shoulders forward." Huzza! they are now marching into the fort, drenched by the pitiless shower; but any port after a transport. The voyage is over; and the detachments, in their several quarters, sleep without rocking in the Fort of Colombo.

THE UNFORTUNATE SAILOR.

In the Memoirs of the Life of Sir Samuel Romilly, lately published, we find the following account of a case in which, as solicitor-general, he was engaged in 1807. It is impossible to read it without feeling impressed with a degree of horror at the indifference with which human life was legally, and often wrongfully, extinguished thirty or forty years ago:—

"A case has been lately laid before the attorney-general and me, by direction of the Lords of the Admiralty, to consider of the expediency of prosecuting for a libel the printer of a weekly newspaper called the *Independent Whig*; which has brought some facts to our knowledge that demand the most serious attention. A sailor, of the name of Thomas Wood, was tried by a court-martial at Plymouth on the 6th of October last, on a charge of having been concerned in the mutiny and murders which were committed on board the *Hermione*. It was in September 1797 that the mutiny took place; and the prisoner being only, as was supposed, of the age of twenty-five when he was tried, could not have been more than sixteen when the crime was committed. The fact was proved but by a single witness: that witness, however, who was the master of the *Hermione*, swore positively that the prisoner, who, he said, at that time bore the name of James Hayes, was the very man whom he remembered on board the *Hermione*; and that he saw him taking a very active part in the mutiny. Notwithstanding the positive oath of the witness thus identifying the prisoner, yet, as the witness said that he had never seen the prisoner since, and as the appearance of a man generally changes very considerably in the nine years which elapse between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five, little reliance could be had on such testimony. It was, however, the only evidence in support of the prosecution. But what was wanting in the evidence for the crown was supplied by the prisoner's defence. It was delivered in writing, and was in truth a supplication for mercy rather than a defence. The following passage contains the whole substance of it:—"

"At the time when the mutiny took place, I was a boy in my fourteenth year. Drove by the torrent of mutiny, I took the oath administered to me on the occasion. The examples of death which were before my eyes drove me for shelter amongst the mutineers, dreading a similar fate with those that fell, if I sided with or showed the smallest inclination for mercy; and then follow entreaties for compassion on his youth, and a declaration that he had not enjoyed an hour's

repose of mind since the event took place. The court found him guilty; he was sentenced to be hanged; and on the 17th of October the sentence was executed. In the mean time, his brother and sister, who were in London, heard of his situation, and made application at the Admiralty. They insisted that their brother was innocent; that he was not even on board the *Hermione*, but was serving as a boy in the *Marlborough*, at Portsmouth, at the time the mutiny took place; they procured a certificate of this fact from the Navy Office, and transmitted it to Plymouth, where it arrived previous to the execution. The guilt of the prisoner, however, appeared so manifest from his own defence, that no regard was paid to the certificate, and the execution took place. This proceeding was condemned on in the *Independent Whig*, in several successive papers, with very great severity. The members of the court-martial called upon the Lords of the Admiralty to punish the author of these libels; and, in consequence of this, they were laid before us. The attorney-general suggested, at the consultation, the propriety of making some inquiry into the fact before the prosecution was instituted. We neither of us entertained any doubt of the man's guilt; but yet the attorney-general thought that it would be advisable to be able to remove all possible suspicion upon that point. An inquiry was accordingly set on foot by the solicitor of the Admiralty; the result of which was, that the man was perfectly innocent, and was at Portsmouth on board the *Marlborough* when the crime was committed in the *Hermione*. He had applied to another man to write a defence for him; and he had read it, thinking it calculated to excite compassion, and more likely to serve him than a mere denial of the fact."

We hear nothing of the prosecution of the villainous captain for the crime of perjury, in this truly affecting case of legal murder.

RAILWAY CHARGES.

In our late article on the English railways, we omitted to notice that nearly all the companies have committed the mistake of making the fares of transmission too high. The charges are unquestionably lower than those of the mail or stage coaches; perhaps, in general, they are but one-half; but this is not the point. Comparisons, in any shape, with the old stage-coaching practice, are now entirely out of the question. The serious matter for the consideration of the railway companies is, whether they could not realise a much higher revenue by charging in all cases lower fares? Our belief is, that they would; and we appeal to the example set by Belgium, as well as by a few companies in this country. Let us quote, on this subject, the following evidence from the "Inventors' Advocate, and Journal of Industry":—

"Travelling has hitherto paid by the first-class Belgian carriages at the rate of 5 per cent.; by the second class, 9 per cent.; by the third class, 32 per cent.; and by the fourth, or lowest class, 54 per cent.! There is no mistaking the principle which these facts go to establish, the more especially that the whole course of experience in France and America corroborates the same thing. Nor is the result as regards carriage of goods less striking and satisfactory. In Belgium, the income from this source has mounted up progressively during the past three years from (to use round numbers) 17,000 francs, to 104,000 and 130,000, and is expected shortly to cover all expenses, leaving the travelling fares untouched, as a source of clear profit."

In this country the railway companies have been averse to recognise and act upon the great and publicly beneficial principle resulting from these experiences. Beginnings, however, have in a few instances been made, and these having fully borne out what was predicted of them, there is every reason to believe that the force of public opinion, and the gradual attainment of more enlightened views of self-interest, will effect the rest. Of the beginnings that have been made, we shall give the following examples from the records of the Manchester, Bolton, and Bury railway, and of that between Leeds and Selby. On the former of these, the following rates were charged up to 12th July, 1833:—

Passengers in covered carriages, 1st class, 2s. 6d. each.
Do. open do. 2s. 0d. ...
Do. open do. 1s. 0d. ...

During the six weeks ending the 12th July, as above, the number of passengers conveyed at these rates was 26,579, and the fares received from them £1911, 6s. 9d. These fares were then reduced to

1st class, - - - - -	2s. 0d. each.
2d class, - - - - -	1s. 6d. ...
Open carriages, as before,	1s. 0d. ...

And in the six weeks ensuing, the number of passengers rose to 35,125, and the amount of money received from them to £2129, 7s. 9d. On subsequently raising the fares to their old level, the number of passengers and sums they paid, fell back to their former proportion, showing clearly the true cause of the increase and decrease.

On the Leeds and Selby railway, the fares charged in 1833 were—3s. on first-class trains, and 2s. on the second—number of passengers 100,995. In 1836, the fares were raised to 4s. first, and 3s. second class—number of passengers only 88,957. Next year, the fares were still further raised to 5s. first, and 3s. second class—number of passengers still falling, and now so low as 70,625! In 1838, this course of selfish error began to be retraced; first class being lowered to 4s., and the second to 3s., and the effect followed its cause as naturally as water seeks its level—the number of passengers rising to 90,637. Other more recent examples of the like kind could be added; but even one demonstration so full and unanswerable as the two just given, is as good as a thousand. Let our railway companies, then, listen to the voice of these examples, and be satisfied, that on this point their interests and those of the public are identical."

Column for Little Girls.

THE TWO SISTERS.

(Abridged from a volume for the young, called "The Hartopp Jubilee, or Profit from Play," by Mrs S. C. Hall. London: Darton and Clark. 1840.)

"THERE are many clever women (said aunt Dacre to Ellen) who are not good, and many good women who are not clever. I will tell you a story; it is some years since I first knew the parties; I have, therefore, had an opportunity of ascertaining the termination as well as the commencement of their career."

My dear mother had been ill for some time, and change of air being recommended for her, we went to Ramsgate, at that period a place of very fashionable resort.

We took a letter of introduction from our own physician to a medical gentleman there; and that gentleman had two daughters, Sarah and Olivia Lambert.

Sarah at that time was about eighteen; her sister a year younger. I was the junior of both.

Olivia Lambert was one of the most brilliant and showy girls I ever met; their mother died when they were in early childhood; it is more than probable, if she had lived, the good doctor's family would have been much better regulated. Olivia's beauty, for she was really handsome, was of a striking nature; the moment she entered our drawing-room, we all thought "how beautiful she is!" and when Doctor Lambert went to our mother's chamber, we gathered round the young lady, anxious to ascertain if her mind had been as much cared for as her person, for she was expensively dressed, and appeared to have bestowed considerable labour on self-decoration."

"But clever women are never well-dressed, are they, aunt?" asked Ellen.

"It is part of a woman's duty to be neatly and becomingly dressed according to her station in life," replied Lady Dacre; "and a clever woman who neglects this, proves that her mind has been imperfectly cultivated."

Olivia Lambert's mind had been also adorned to a certain extent. The seed of many things had been sown therein; but the seed was not of the best quality, it had got sadly mingled with that of weeds. And the weeds had almost choked the fair and beautiful flowers, which otherwise might have flourished luxuriantly, and brought forth good fruit.

We saw in a few minutes that she possessed a ready wit; she never seemed at a loss for an observation or a reply; but ready wit is apt to intrude itself unnecessarily, and is sadly fond of display.

Your mamma, who had less courage than myself, shrank from her when she made this discovery, for she feared her powers of ridicule, and knew that she never could enter into a war of words with a clever young lady. Miss Lambert quickly informed us of the sums of money her papa had lavished on her education; and said that she was resolved to do something great before she died, for that she could not bear to live unknown, or die unremembered. Such a declaration made to those she had never seen before, betrayed great presumption, and want of knowledge of the customs of society; but she looked so handsome, and withal, had something so frank and friendly about her, that we continued to listen, and she continued to talk about herself.

She told us she wrote poetry, and offered to sing us one of her own songs; her voice was very pleasing, and the words of the song evinced a good deal of talent."

"She was really clever, then?" said Ellen.

"She was, as I have said, to a certain extent; there could be no second opinion about the matter. She was poor thing, very clever; but unfortunately every body told her so, and she was so perfectly aware of the fact, that, satisfied with the possession of what she so constantly heard extolled, she did not use any exertions to acquire those virtues and amabilities which are the only real foundation of female excellence. It was certainly rare to meet so young and so beautiful a creature gifted with so much ability in so many ways; but it was painful to see the petty arts she used to attract admiration, and the craving she felt at all times for praise."

We promised to call on her the next day, for we had not many acquaintances, and Doctor Lambert's extreme attention to our dear mother made us anxious to show any kindness in our power to his children.

"Oh! I shall be so glad to see you," she exclaimed; "I will show you my themes—and my lecture—my own invented patterns—and my ring, that was given me by papa for my arrangement of one of Rossini's airs. I will also introduce you to my sister Sarah; I am sure you will love her; every one loves Sarah; but I may tell you that you must not expect any thing extraordinary from her—notting but extraordinary goodness. Papa calls her his right hand; and me his right head. Dear, kind Sarah—she sings very well indeed, and speaks one or two languages; but, being the eldest, she has not had time to cultivate her talents. One must be housekeeper; and she is so fond of being useful. I am sadly useless; Sarah even superintends my dress; tells me what I am to wear; and takes care of me. She is not a clever girl; and consequently can attend to every domestic thing."

Sarah was quite as handsome as her sister; but the expression of her countenance was different; it was modest and subdued; she had also a care-taking look, as if she did and thought a great deal; perceiving that Olivia had shown us some of her drawings, she expressed her sorrow that she had not leisure to cultivate an art she dearly loved; but added, that her sister possessed so much more talent, that she was glad her own attention to their domestic duties enabled her to pursue those occupations in which she was so eminently qualified to excel. Presently her father entered, and then the same flattery was repeated as before. It was evident that, though Doctor Lambert loved his eldest daughter, he regarded her as a sort of domestic drudge, with no more

intellect than was necessary to keep the house-books, and economise; while Olivia was regarded as something wonderful; something so wonderful, that the study of his life seemed to be how to add to her accomplishments, and increase the admiration which her beauty excited, by accounts of her wit and talent. Olivia said so; Olivia did so; Olivia thought so; in short, I never saw a man, sensible upon all other subjects, so completely astray in the management of his children. If the young ladies had divided the house duties between them, each would have had sufficient time for amusement and study; but one had so much to do, that she really led a life of slavery; the other so little, that, despite all she learned and all she read, and all she displayed, time hung heavily on her hands. Now, my dear Ellen, though Olivia was at first a generous, open-hearted girl, finding persons, particularly in her own family, always ready to bow down to her, made her, in time, both arrogant and capricious. What she learnt, her fine abilities enabled her to learn with so much ease and rapidity, that she neglected every thing to the last moment; and when her masters ventured to complain, she managed, with a sad and dangerous dexterity, to turn the tables on them. So that her habits became careless; and as a young and beautiful tree of rapid growth is bent by every passing wind unless properly supported, so Olivia's plans and intentions were constantly overthrown, because she had no prop, no stay; she fancied she had sufficient strength of herself to help herself; and, poor girl, she was so much admired, that no one sought to undeceive her.

As for Sarah, it was difficult to know what points in her well-proportioned nature deserved the warmest praise; her gentleness, her modesty, her freedom from affectation, or her self-denying and uniform attention to her sister, whom she evidently considered as a gifted and superior being; this last was the only weakness I ever perceived in a character which otherwise I should have considered faultless.

Her devotion to her was quite extraordinary, for her own mind, though less brilliant, was more solid; and her acquirements, though less showy, more substantial. We all admired Olivia, but we loved Sarah. Doctor Lambert found it necessary to receive a great deal of company, and it was wonderful to observe the excellence and good order of his daughter's arrangements, although her pale cheek often assured me she was over-fatigued; for, where there is not a large establishment, it is necessary for the lady of the house to take a very active part in household arrangements. The indifference with which Olivia witnessed her exertions often astonished me, for she would talk of tenderness and sisterly affection by the hour, though still her poor sister toiled on.

Our beloved mother became convalescent, and we quitted Ramsgate. I was never hasty in forming friendships; but I was honoured by the regard of Sarah Lambert, and we felt an attachment for each other which nothing but death could destroy. I was a gainer by this fortunate circumstance, for she had sufficient power over me to make me both read and think; and I am greatly indebted to her for having used that power to my advantage.

We heard constantly of Olivia's beauty, Olivia's wit, Olivia's talents; and the production of a small volume of poems, printed only for private circulation, swelled her triumph to the utmost. This was the brilliant side of the question. Others spoke of Olivia's conceit, Olivia's temper, Olivia's habit of undervaluing others; and said that her father had acted foolishly in giving even a restrained publicity to the unripe fruits of a brilliant but thoughtless mind; that what was pretty and interesting to a home circle, was neither one nor other to a more public one; and that there was much fear of Olivia increasing in conceit more rapidly than in learning. Beauty has its admirers, but it also has its enviers; and the young lady's conduct was such as to invite criticism, rather than disarm censure.

Her father's house became the rendezvous of all such persons as either possessed, or desired to be considered as possessing, talent; and of all the lounging gentlemen who liked to see something strange, and admire beauty. Sarah maintained the even tenor of her way, seeking, for her father's dear sake, to eke out an income by no means as large as it was represented to be, and only anxious that the doctor should be prosperous, and her sister admired. I was greatly pained at receiving a letter from her one morning, saying that her father had been very ill for some time, and that she wished I was near her, adding, she knew how vain the desire was, for the town was full, and I could not be spared in the merry month of May: it was, I well remember, just this time twenty-five years; but gaiety never yet destroyed my sympathy, and though I was engaged at the time to be married to Lord Dacre, I obtained my father and mother's permission to fly to my friend.

I found the good old doctor even worse than Sarah's letter had led me to expect, and understood from himself, that if he died, his children would be left almost without provision. "For dear Olivia," he said, "I have no fear; her talents, if she should be obliged to exert them, will win her both fame and fortune; but my poor Sarah! my good pions, useful Sarah!" and he extended his hand to the really useful girl, who pressed it to her lips, while she turned away to hide her tears, and replied, "Do not fear for me, dear father, be your days few or many, God will provide for me, by enabling me to work for myself."

"She is an angel," he said when she left the room. "It would have been too much to expect that God should have given me two children endowed with Olivia's talent, but for all that Sarah is indeed an angel!"

"And while Sarah was attending her father, aunt," inquired Ellen, "where was Olivia?"

"My dear, Olivia had never been taught to command her feelings; consequently, even if she had been induced, her sphere of usefulness must be very contracted. I believe she loved her father; she wrote a great many beautiful poems on his death (for he did die); but, during his illness, particularly after his case became hopeless, she used to go into hysterics whenever she witnessed his sufferings, and consequently was unable to alleviate them. To the very last Doctor Lambert consoled himself with

the belief that Olivia would meet troops of friends, and establish for herself fame, and gain for herself riches. He knew that for her sake he had lived beyond his means; that he had entered into expensive society that she might shine; and he trusted that her talents had been properly cultivated.

I never loved Sarah so much as I did when I was acquainted with her virtuous exertions to obtain independence; I was proud of her friendship—I studied to deserve it; I hope I did deserve it. I was often angry with Olivia, for she would not draw, because she could not obtain the price she thought her pictures deserved. She would not go out to teach, and she did not understand music as a profession sufficiently to receive pupils at home. She was frequently invited out; but because she could not dress as gaily as she had ever done, she refused to go at all into society. But the cup of her sorrow was not yet filled; she was not yet sufficiently humbled; Sarah had stood between her and her griefs, whether real or imaginary; but it pleased God that this excellent girl should be afflicted with a heavy and sudden illness; this awoke Olivia to a sense of her duties; she saw, as if a film had been removed from her eyes, that her sister had been taxed beyond her strength, and that, too, by her indolence and her vanity; the knowledge was painful, but it was true."

"Well, dear aunt," inquired Ellen anxiously, "but did her good; it changed her, did it not? and she rewarded this dear sister, and became a useful member of society?"

"My dear Ellen," replied Lady Dacre, "it requires the exercise of a strong and vigorous mind to change suddenly and completely from pride and indolence to humility and industry. I hear of such changes; but I have seldom seen them. Olivia certainly did change; but as regarded her dear sister, it came too late."

"Oh, aunt! Sarah did not die?"

"She did, my dear. She died with her head resting on my shoulder; her hand clasped in that of her sister. While she lived, even I did not know all her worth; she had laboured night and day; she had undermined a constitution, never strong, by unmitigated labour; and she sank into her grave at the age of six and twenty, just as her prospects were brightening; for if she had lived, she would have been married to a near relative of mine, who appreciated her virtues, and longed to see them rewarded. But she had her reward, Ellen; she enjoyed the consciousness of having done her duty in that state of life in which it had pleased God to place her. She had learned to trust in the mercy and loving kindness of the Almighty; and her death-bed was one of peace and joy."

"And her sister?"

"Alas! my dear, Olivia tried—I believe sincerely—to be useful. Those who had given Sarah an opportunity of exerting her talents, and to whom she had become endeared, encouraged her good intentions; but bad habits, acquired early, are hard to overcome. She could not bring down her spirit to the level of her circumstances, and was perpetually reverting to what she had been, instead of making the best of what she was. She missed the luxuries which custom had rendered necessary; and her friends, or rather those who transferred to her a portion of the friendship they had bestowed upon her sister, grew gradually tired of giving to a discontented person.

We went abroad for some time; and on our return, I inquired for the once beautiful Olivia, whom we thought we had not left without the means of respectable subsistence. Alas! we found her ill, and without friends—her loveliness had been rubbed out by fretfulness—its charm was gone—her accomplishments, always showy and imperfect, had ceased to yield enjoyment; for she only prized them as a means to obtain the admiration she no longer excited: poor and neglected, this once brilliant creature inhabited a wretched garret—and"

"But you did not leave her there, aunt? Neither you nor mamma, nor grand-mamma, nor any of those of Hartopp Hall, would leave her there," interrupted Ellen, struggling with her tears. "If she had been properly brought up, she would have been very different, and would have known how to use, and when to use, her talents. And besides, she was Sarah's sister; and grand-mamma might easily have put her into one of those dear nice cottages that grand-papa won't allow to be called almshouses, because they are inhabited by those who never asked an alms. Oh! aunt; I see by your face that this was done. And, I am sure I know who she is—the tall, pale, lady-like woman, who told grand-mamma one day that the roses did not grow fast enough to shade her window, and who has a little village maid to wait on her. Well! I am glad she is not dead. I wonder does she often remember her gay days. I remember one day last summer, she kissed Rose, and said she was very pretty; but not to be vain of it, for it would fade—and not to be conceited. It is a great change, though, for her—is it not?"

"It is, my dear: but it is our duty to be thankful for the blessings we enjoy, and not to regret those we have lost. When I look at her poor hand, deformed by that cruel rheumatism, and remember how beautiful it looked upon the harp, I am tempted to repine with her; but when I also remember how necessary it was that her conceit and pride should be subdued, I think of the mercy of God, who, while he taught her humility, did not desert her utterly.

Such, my love, is the history of 'THE TWO SISTERS,' and I hope it has given you a lesson as to the folly of setting so much value on cleverness, unassisted by more feminine qualities."

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